

A New BALLAD.

To the TUNE of,

PACKINGTON'S POUND.

I.

When the Twenty brave Pleaders, cull'd out of the Throng,
For their quicknes of Parts, and their voluble Tongue,
Had read all their Speeches, and rehears'd all their Wit,
And left their Wise Lordships in Judgment to sit :

A Prelate adroit

At Text or Debate,

Summon'd Eight trusty Brethren in Council to meet,
They whip on their Cloaks, and to Hockley they go,
~~To know~~ what his Kirkship wou'd have them to do.

II.

When they came, all the Waiters were order'd away,
And they drank to Low-Church in a Gallon of Tea :
Quoth he, I've long wish'd to see you all here;
For Matters of Moment require our Care.

The Godly Lay-Five,

Who all Methods contrive,

That the PROTESTANT CHURCH may still Flourish and Thrive:
By me their sure Nuncio do send you this Greeting,
And pray'd me to tell you how to Vote the next Meeting.

III.

Our Friends have now routed this Priest and his Cause,
In spight of his Homilies, Lawyers and Laws:
Strong *L—ch—re* shew'd Art, gentle *D—l—n* had Grace,
Had Oil in his Tongue, and a Blush in his Face :

S—b—e soft as a Dove,

Fam'd for Arms and for Love,

With sweetest Persuasion the Ladies did move.

But oh ! what a Spirit ? What a Rhetorick Divine ;
In lofty Sir *J—s* and Lord *W—m* did shine ?

IV.

Let us then, my good Lords, to each other be true,
And shew in Church-Matters what Bishops shou'd do :
I'll tell what by me and Great *William* was done,
And prove him a Traytor that calls Folks *Volpone*.

I'll tell them a Tale,

That to meet them shan't fail,

Of a Dame made a Victim to High-flying Zeal :
Would move Flesh and Blood for to see her Undress'd,
And hew'd all to pieces by a Hot-headed Priest.

V.

For us 'twould be shameful in silence to sit,
When a Priest is a Roasting, we shou'd help turn the Spit.
Do you, my Lord *O—d*, against Monarchs be keen ;
But as you love *Worcester*, except the good QUEEN.

This perhaps by the by,

In your Way may not lie,

But my *West* and the *Hoadly's* will Matters supply.
That you're for a gentle, mild Sentence, give out :
When the Question is put, you know how to Vote.

VI.

On you, Brother *N—b* we chiefly depend,
The Right of our Puritan Friends to defend :
Now strive to excel both your Patron's Renown :
Be as Just as the Father, and as Wise as the Son.

From you honest *C—ich*

We shou'd claim a fine Speech,

On this Ranting High Sermon the Commons impeach :
But now *Easter's* at hand, we expect not a Word,
Since the Parish bids more than we can afford.

VII.

Of the rest here the *Junto* no Questions do make,
For on this only Card their All lies at Stake :
Some Lay Peers they doubt will be apt for to flinch,
But are sure that your Lordships wll budge not an Inch :

What tho' we all once

Did Resistance renounce,

And for not being Passive, poor *Julian* did trounce :
Sure we never took up our Opinions for Life,
For better, for worse, as a Man takes his Wife.

VIII.

Thus incens'd at the Doctor, these Right Reverend Teachers,
Vow'd they'd make him a Warning to all High-Church Preachers.
But oh ! how they look'd when their Friends hung an Arse.
And their deep-plotted Tragedy turn'd to a Farce :

With Amazement they found

Their Cause at a Ground,

And the Hall with loud Echo's of Joy to resound,
Then flunk to their Coaches, the Doctor did follow,
They went off with a Whoop, and He with a Hallow.